





afterward, when the Duchess  
me was passing through Lyon  
itants sent to her hospitalities















#### 11. SOMETIMES

TWO POEMS

*TWO POEM.*

*THE REFORMER.*

With tangled beard and rolling eye,  
He longs for something to defy,  
To-night, in dictatorial state,  
On Marriage he will fulminate.  
Next week, with oratoric hand,

## keeps religion from

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## Miscellaneous

## A GREAT MISTAKE

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued

"I don't know," returned Bee, shrugging her shoulders and laughing. "When you know Ted, you will see how hard it is to arrive at any decisions as to his intentions."

"But are the Barlaston young ladies resigned to the loss of such a matrimonial prize? Do they mean to abandon this rich

CHAPTER IX.

On Sunday a great many eyes were turned towards the Throgmortons' pew at St. Chad's; but only the familiar figures of the family were to be seen.

As Doctor March came in, his face wearing its usual Sunday morning tranquillity, Bee was puzzled, and angry too, to find that

## CHAPTER IX

friend on her sofa, being all the exertion she was able to undergo.

But the little air of seclusion and mystery which this threw over the family had the

"I have a good mind not to speak to you," Mrs. Throgmorton said, when George at last showed his dark face at the door of the old schoolroom. "I consider that you have mistreated us very badly here."

"Goo! night," returned Bee, nodding in her white gown from the dark old staircase.

Miss Ludlow was always ready with a kind word for a poor girl, as Susan allowed, and never gave unnecessary trouble; but Miss Lucy was not satisfied with words, and would give the little rosy maid many a small kindness—a fact which had at first surprised and rather startled Susan.

harm, we say, about the first fee or  
natorium which we never experience  
ain. Thousands may come into our  
ickets when we are famous; our "sisters  
our cousins and our aunts" may shuf-  
off this mortal coil and leave us untold  
alth; but we shall never look upon a  
dollar bill with the same degree of in-

◆◆◆

**The Era of Pads.**

The *Pharmacist* thus pithily exposes the  
y of the modern mania for medical  
s:  
We refer not to the foot pads, who  
indeed plentiful enough, but to those  
specimens of medical upholstery now

"Not exact, but something like that. You seem to keep me pocketed. Me and my wife is studyin' to go to Eurup. We are goin' to the right, but the last stage is to be in the fires. Now rock is good as a regular old pine knot. Get on, Gerger?"

"Nothing of the kind, madam! You are |

“except for George March, who does not  
unt. I want Ada to feel, Letitia, that in

Steel Building is 115 feet to the cornice. The  
New York Life is 129 feet to the deck | we

manufacturers of needles is that they | com  
made at Nuremberg in 1760, and | fell

of me? Wouldn't I be some other  
, or maybe not at all?"

to yoke his oxen, and the  
and the dog stretches his







